UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

Thursdays at Noon: Laureates - Norcop and Koldofsky Prize Winners' Recital

"A Woman's Love and Life"

Grace Ronan, *mezzo-soprano*
Rebeca Lluveras Matos, *piano*

Thursday, March 26h, 2026 at 12:10pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queens Park

PROGRAM

La rosa y el sauce

Carlos Guastavino (1912–2000)

Frauenliebe und -leben, Op. 42

Robert Schumann (1810–1856)

i. Seit ich ihn gesehen
ii. Er, der Herrlichste von allen
iii. Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben
iv. Du Ring an meinem Finger
v. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
vi. Süsser Freund, du blickest
vii. An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust
viii. Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

La maja dolorosa

Enrique Granados (1867–1916)

1. ¡Oh muerte cruel!
3. De aquel majo amante

Six Sorrow Songs, Op. 57

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (1875–1912)

4. She sat and sang alway
3. Oh, Roses for the flush of youth
5. Unmindful of the Roses

Demain dès l'aube

Justin Lapierre (b.1998)

1. Demain dès l'aube
2. Je marcherai les yeux fixés
3. Je ne regarderai ni l'or

We wish to acknowledge this land on which the University of Toronto operates. For thousands of years, it has been the traditional land of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and the Mississaugas of the Credit. Today, this meeting place is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work on this land.

As part of the Faculty's commitment to improving Indigenous inclusion, we call upon all members of our community to start/continue their personal journeys towards understanding and acknowledging Indigenous peoples' histories, truths and cultures.
Visit indigenous.utoronto.ca to learn more.

PROGRAM NOTES

This recital tells the story of "A Woman's Love and Life," inspired by Schumann's ***Frauenliebe und -leben***. In this cycle, we follow a woman's journey from falling in love and marriage, to motherhood, and ultimately to the loss of her husband.

In the subsequent songs from Granados' ***La maja dolorosa***, we encounter her in mourning, grieving her husband while recalling the joy of their life together. Selections from Samuel Coleridge-Taylor's ***Six Sorrow Songs*** deepen this reflection, as she laments not only her loss but also the life she might have lived, now overshadowed by memory and sorrow.

The program concludes with ***Demain dès l'aube***, composed by my friend Justin Lapierre. Here, the woman travels to her husband's grave, finding a sense of peace in the promise of reunion, and discovering renewal and hope in the flowers she brings to him.

BIOGRAPHIES

Mezzo-Soprano **Grace Ronan** completed her BMus in Voice Performance at Wilfrid Laurier University in 2024 and is currently in her second year of the MMus in Opera program under the tutelage of Wendy Nielsen. Recent opera highlights include Lucretia in The Rape of Lucretia (UofT Opera), Widow in The Handmaid's Tale (Banff Centre), Dorabella in Così fan tutte (UofT Opera), Meg March in Little Women (Opera Laurier), and Flora in La Traviata (Kitchener-Waterloo Symphony). Grace was honoured to be featured as the alto soloist in the premieres of Justin Lapierre's choral works: Messe de Ste Anne (2022), One Thousand Shields of Gold (2024), and The Gatherers (2025). Grace has appeared as the alto soloist in Messiah with Choral Connection, the Woodland Concert Choir, and the Menno Singers and has sung several concerts with the Elora Singers. Grace has participated in summer programs such as the Interplay program at the Banff Centre for the Arts and Creativity, the Elora Singers Vocal Academy, the Art of Lied mastercourse, and the St. Andrews Vocal Techniques Workshop.

Born in Cuba and a naturalized Mexican citizen, **Rebeca Lluveras** began studying the piano at the age of eight. From an early age, she received numerous awards in piano competitions in her home country of Cuba.

She earned her Bachelor of Music in Piano from the prestigious Instituto Superior de Arte (ISA) in Havana in 2005. In 2006, she was invited to Austria to study with Maestro Harald Ossberger, where she was selected for further studies with members of the distinguished faculty of the University of Vienna. In 2008, she completed with honors a Master's degree in Piano Methodology in Havana under the guidance of leading Cuban pedagogue Teresita Junco. In 2021, she earned an additional degree in Piano Technique and Biomechanics from the Higher School of High-Performance Music (ESMAR, Spain).

During her years in Cuba, Ms. Lluveras performed as a soloist with the Cuban National Symphony Orchestra and participated in contemporary music festivals. She also taught at the Instituto Superior de Arte for five years.

In 2012, she moved to Mexico, where she worked as a professor at the National Autonomous University of Mexico (UNAM) and at the University of the Arts of Yucatán. She has performed in major venues such as the Manuel M. Ponce Hall at the Palace of Fine Arts, the Blas Galindo Auditorium at the National Center for the Arts, the Nezahualcóyotl Hall at the UNAM Cultural Center, the Centro Cultural Helénico, the Degollado Theatre in Guadalajara, the Felipe Villanueva Hall in the State of Mexico, and the José Peón Contreras Theatre in Mérida, among others. She has also appeared as a soloist with the Symphony Orchestra of the National Polytechnic Institute.

Ms. Lluveras has served as a juror for the National Piano Competition at the University of Guadalajara, as well as for internal piano competitions at the Faculty of Music of UNAM and the Escuela Superior de Música of the National Institute of Fine Arts in Mexico City.

She is currently pursuing a master's degree in Collaborative Piano at the University of Toronto under the guidance of Steven Philcox.

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

La rosa y el sauce
Fernán Silva Valdés

La rosa se iba abriendo
Abrazada al sauce,
El árbol apasionada,
La amaba tanto!

Pero una niña, una niña coqueta
Se la ha robado
Y el sauce desconsolado
La está llorando.

The rose and the willow tree
Translation by Lorena Paz Nieto

The rose began to bloom
Embracing the willow tree,
The passionate tree,
Loved the rose so much.

But a little girl, a coquettish girl
Has stolen the rose
And the desolate willow tree
Is crying for the rose.

Frauenliebe und -leben
Adelbert von Chiassmo

Seit ich ihn gesehen
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Seh ich ihn allein;
Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,
Heller nur empor.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos
Alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele
Nicht begehr ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen,
Still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein.

A Woman's Love and Life
Translations by Richard Stokes

Since first seeing him
Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind,
Wherever I look,
Him only I see;
As in a waking dream
His image hovers before me,
Rising out of deepest darkness
Ever more brightly.

All else is dark and pale
Around me,
My sisters' games
I no more long to share,
I would rather weep
Quietly in my room;
Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen
Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

He, the most wonderful of all
He, the most wonderful of all,
How gentle and loving he is!
Sweet lips, bright eyes,
A clear mind and firm resolve.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,
Also er an meinem Himmel,
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,
Viele tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann;
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben
Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;
Wie hätt er doch unter allen
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:
„Ich bin auf ewig dein"—
Mir war's—ich träume noch immer,
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O lass im Traume mich sterben,
Gewieget an seiner Brust,
Den seligen Tod mich schlürfen
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

Du Ring an meinem Finger
Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Ich hatt ihn ausgeträumet,
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,

Just as there in the deep-blue distance
That star gleams bright and brilliant,
So does he shine in my sky,
Bright and brilliant, distant and sublime.

Wander, wander on your way,
Just to gaze on your radiance,
Just to gaze on in humility,
To be but blissful and sad!

Do not heed my silent prayer,
Uttered for your happiness alone,
You shall never know me, lowly as I am,
You noble star of splendour!

Only the worthiest woman of all
May your choice elate,
And I shall bless that exalted one
Many thousands of times.

Then shall I rejoice and weep,
Blissful, blissful shall I be,
Even if my heart should break,
Break, O heart, what does it matter?

I cannot grasp it, believe it
I cannot grasp it, believe it,
A dream has beguiled me;
How, from all women, could he
Have exalted and favoured poor me?

He said, I thought,
'I am yours forever',
I was, I thought, still dreaming,
After all, it can never be.

O let me, dreaming, die,
Cradled on his breast;
Let me savour blissful death
In tears of endless joy.

You ring on my finger
You ring on my finger,
My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
To my heart.

I had finished dreaming
Childhood's peaceful dream,

Ich fand allein mich, verloren
Im öden, unendlichen Raum.

Du Ring an meinem Finger
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Freundlich mich schmücken,
Dient der Glücklichen heute mir,
Windet geschäftig
Mir um die Stirne
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.

Als ich befriedigt,
Freudigen Herzens,
Sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,
Immer noch rief er,
Sehnsucht im Herzen,
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Helft mir verscheuchen
Eine törichte Bangigkeit,
Dass ich mit klarem
Aug ihn empfange,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Bist, mein Geliebter,
Du mir erschienen,
Giebst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein?
Lass mich in Andacht,
Lass mich in Demut,
Lass mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,
Streuet ihm Blumen,

I found myself alone, forlorn
In boundless desolation.

You ring on my finger,
You first taught me,
Opened my eyes
To life's deep eternal worth.

I shall serve him, live for him,
Belong to him wholly,
Yield to him and find
Myself transfigured in his light.

You ring on my finger,
My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
To my heart.

Help me, my sisters
Help me, my sisters,
With my bridal attire,
Serve me today in my joy,
Busily braid
About my brow
The wreath of blossoming myrtle.

When with contentment
And joy in my heart
I lay in my beloved's arms,
He still called,
With longing heart,
Impatiently for this day.

Help me, my sisters,
Help me banish
A foolish fearfulness;
So that I with bright eyes
May receive him,
The source of all my joy.

Have you, my love,
Really entered my life,
Do you, O sun, give me your glow?
Let me in reverence,
Let me in humility
Bow before my lord.

Scatter flowers, O sisters,
Scatter flowers before him,

Bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar,
Aber euch, Schwestern,
Grüss ich mit Wehmut,
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.

Bring him budding roses.
But you, sisters,
I greet with sadness,
As I joyfully take leave of you.

Süsser Freund, du blickest

Süsser Freund, du blickest
Mich verwundert an,
Kannst es nicht begreifen,
Wie ich weinen kann;
Lass der feuchten Perlen
Ungewohnte Zier
Freudig hell erzittern
In dem Auge mir!

Sweet friend, you look

Sweet friend, you look
At me in wonder,
You cannot understand
How I can weep;
Let the unfamiliar beauty
Of these moist pearls
Tremble joyfully bright
In my eyes!

Wie so bang mein Busen,
Wie so wonnevoll!
Wüsst ich nur mit Worten,
Wie ich’s sagen soll;
Komm und birg dein Antlitz
Hier an meiner Brust,
Will in’s Ohr dir flüstern
Alle meine Lust.

How anxious my heart is,
How full of bliss!
If only I knew
How to say it in words;
Come and hide your face
Here against my breast,
For me to whisper you
All my joy.

Weisst du nun die Tränen,
Die ich weinen kann,
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,
Du geliebter Mann?
Bleib an meinem Herzen,
Fühle dessen Schlag,
Dass ich fest und fester
Nur dich drücken mag.

Do you now understand the tears
That I can weep,
Should you not see them,
Beloved husband?
Stay by my heart,
Feel how it beats,
That I may press you
Closer and closer.

Hier an meinem Bette
Hat die Wiege Raum,
Wo sie still verberge
Meinen holden Traum;
Kommen wird der Morgen,
Wo der Traum erwacht,
Und daraus dein Bildnis
Mir entgegen lacht.

Here by my bed
There is room for the cradle,
Silently hiding
My blissful dream;
The morning shall come
When the dream awakens,
And your likeness
Laughs up at me.

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

On my heart, at my breast

On my heart, at my breast,
You my delight, my joy!

Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb ist das Glück,
Ich hab’s gesagt und nehm’s nicht zurück.

Happiness is love, love is happiness,
I’ve always said and say so still.

Hab überschwenglich mich geschätzt,
Bin überglücklich aber jetzt.

Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung giebt;

Nur eine Mutter weiss allein,
Was lieben heisst und glücklich sein.

O, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!

Du lieber, lieber Engel, Du
Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu!

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan
Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan,
Der aber traf.
Du schläfst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger Mann,
Den Todesschlaf.

Es blicket die Verlassne vor sich hin,
Die Welt ist leer.
Geliebet hab ich und gelebt, ich bin
Nicht lebend mehr.

Ich zieh' mich in mein Innres still zurück,
Der Schleier fällt,
Da hab ich dich und mein verlornes Glück,
Du meine Welt!

La maja dolorosa
Fernando Periquet

¡Oh muerte cruel!
¡Oh muerte cruel!
¿Por qué tú, a traición,
mi majo arrebataste a mi pasión?
¡No quiero vivir sin él,
porque es morir, porque es morir
así vivir!

No es posible ya
sentir más dolor:
en lágrimas deshecha ya mi alma está.

I thought myself rapturous,
But now am delirious with joy.

Only she who suckles, only she who loves
The child that she nourishes;

Only a mother knows
What it means to love and be happy.

Ah, how I pity the man
Who cannot feel a mother's bliss!

You dear, dear angel, you,
You look at me and you smile!

On my heart, at my breast,
You my delight, my joy!

Now you have caused me my first pain
Now you have caused me my first pain,
But it struck hard,
You sleep, you harsh and pitiless man,
The sleep of death.

The deserted one stares ahead,
The world is void.
I have loved and I have lived,
And now my life is done.

Silently I withdraw into myself,
The veil falls,
There I have you and my lost happiness,
You, my world!

The sorrowful woman
Translations by Michael P Rosewall & Pamela Narbona Jerez

Oh cruel death
Oh, cruel Death!
Why have you, pitilessly,
Stolen my love away from me?
I don't want to live without him,
Because it is death, it is death
To live this way!

It is impossible
To feel more pain:
My spirit is dissolved in tears.

¡Oh Dios, torna mi amor,
porque es morir, porque es morir
así vivir!

Oh, God, return my love
Because it is death, it is death
To live this way!

De aquel majo amante
De aquel majo amante
que fué mi gloria
guardo anhelante
dichosa memoria.
El me adoraba
vehemente y fiel.
Yo mi vida entera
di a él.
Y otras mil diera
si él quisiera,
que en hondos amores
martirios son las flores.

Of that handsome lover
Of that handsome lover
that was once my joy
I ardently keep
sweet memories.
He adored me
fervently and loyally.
My whole life
I gave to him,
And a thousand more would I give,
if he wished it,
For in deep love
agony is a flower.

Y al recordar mi majo amado
van resurgiendo ensueños
de un tiempo pasado.

And when I think of my beloved,
Dreams of a time gone by
are rekindled.

Ni en el Mentidero
ni en la Florida
majo más majo
paseó en la vida.
Bajo el chambergo
sus ojos ví
con toda el alma
puestos en mí
que a quien miraban
enamoraban,
pues no hallé en el mundo
mirar más profundo.

Neither in Mentidero,
nor in Florida,
A more handsome man
ever roamed.
Under the rim of his hat
I saw his eyes
Fixed upon me
with all his soul.
They bewitched
all those whom they beheld,
And in this world I never found a gaze
so profound.

Y al recordar mi majo amado
van resurgiendo ensueños
de un tiempo pasado.

And when I think of my beloved,
Dreams of a time gone by
are rekindled.

Six Sorrow Songs
Christina Rosetti

She sat and sang alway
She sat and sang alway
By the green margin of a stream,
Watching the fishes leap and play
Beneath the glad sunbeam.

I sat and wept alway
Beneath the moon's most shadowy beam,

Watching the blossoms of the May
Weep leaves into the stream.

I wept for memory;
She sang for hope that is so fair:
My tears were swallowed by the sea;
Her songs died on the air.

Oh, Roses for the flush of youth
O roses for the flush of youth,
And laurel for the perfect prime;
But pluck an ivy branch for me
Grown old before my time.

O violets for the grave of youth,
And bay for those dead in their prime;
Give me the withered leaves I chose
Before in the old time.

Unmindful of the Roses
Unmindful of the roses,
Unmindful of the thorn,
A reaper tired reposes
Among his gathered corn:
So might I, till the morn!

Cold as the cold Decembers,
Past as the days that set,
While only one remembers
And all the rest forget,
But one remembers yet.

Demain dès l'aube
Victor Hugo

1.
Demain, dès l'aube,
à l'heure où blanchit la campagne,
Je partirai. Vois-tu,
je sais que tu m'attends.
J'irai par la forêt,
j'irai par la montagne.
Je ne puis demeurer loin de toi plus longtemps.

2.
Je marcherai les yeux fixés sur mes pensées,
Sans rien voir au dehors,
sans entendre aucun bruit,
Seul, inconnu,
le dos courbé, les mains croisées,

Tomorrow at dawn
Translations by Justin Lapierre

1.
Tomorrow, at dawn,
at the moment when the land whitens,
I will leave. You see,
I know that you are waiting for me.
I will go through the forest,
I will go across mountains.
I cannot stay away from you any longer

2.
I will walk eyes fixed on my thoughts,
Without seeing anything outside,
without hearing a noise,
Alone, unknown,
back hunched, hands crossed,

Triste,
et le jour pour moi sera comme la nuit.

3.
Je ne regarderai ni l'or du soir qui tombe,
Ni les voiles au loin
descendant vers Harfleur.
Et quand j'arriverai, je mettrai sur ta tombe
Un bouquet de houx vert et de bruyère
en fleur.

Sorrowed,
and the day for me will be as the night.

3.
I will watch neither the gold evening fall,
Nor the farway sailboats
descending upon Harfleur.
And when I arrive, I will put on your grave
A bouquet of green holly and heather
in bloom.